

WHITE SQUADRON CAPTURED.

**PILLSBURY DISCOVERED TRYING
TO STEAL INTO SALEM HARBOR.**

Naval War Game Brought to an End Early Sunday Morning—Admiral Higginson, on His Flagship, the Kearsarge, Led the Pursuit, Making Fifteen Knots an Hour—Brilliant Spectacle of the Chase, but Not a Shot Was Fired—Pillsbury

ROCKPORT, Mass., Aug. 24.—Commander Pillsbury's White Squadron, representing a hostile naval force, was captured early this morning off the summer settlement of Magnolia by Rear Admiral Higginson's Blue Squadron, the home defense contingent, while trying to steal into Salem harbor almost under his opponent's nose. The bloodless victory was achieved after a night of hard work and anxiety among the battleships of Blue. Their vigilance and the acumen displayed by Admiral Higginson were mainly responsible for the result, which demonstrated in large

Day had hardly dawned when a keensawing-eyed boy of the Kearsage, Daniel H. Staehle, pecked up the Pacific, then Panther and the Supply, composing Pillsbury's hostile squadron. The enemy's force was only a few miles off shore and steam- ing at a fair rate in the direction of Salem. The Kearsage, with her consort, the Maudslowi, the Missescomets, flying nearly, was anchored close in to Thatcher Island and less than three miles of Rockport. Pillsbury was heading in northeastward and was about fifteen miles to the southward of the Kearsage. Staehle knew that the enemy's ships in a moment. He gave the alarm immediately.

up and we headed for the hostile squad
ron, going at a clipping rate. Every one
of them had a bone in their teeth as
strong as the big flagship fairly flew through the
water, getting a fifteen-knot speed within
a few seconds after she was started. Close
behind came the Alabama, and behind her
the Massachusetts. Commander Pillsbury
saw that the game was up and stoppe
d his engines to wait for his opponents to
draw near.

At 5:29 o'clock when the White Squad
ron was engaged. At 5 o'clock the crew
of the Blue were summoned to quarters.
At 5:35 Admiral Higginson called on Pills
bury to surrender. Five minutes later
the Blue was hoisted to the top of the
cannon, sending up a flag six feet to the

The Blue Squadron moved to meet the Kearsarge where he and Admiral Higginson said pleasant things to each other.

When this was over, the Kearsarge went to the Alabama and the Massachusetts went back to Hockport to await the resumption of the entire fleet, stratch boats and gunboats. The Kearsarge remained in the guard and picket vessels along shore along the coast between Portland and Cape Cod.

In the closing incident of the campaign was tame compared with the real thing in naval warfare, it was nevertheless mighty in all its glory soon after the battleship began their race for the enemy, warmin' up the atmosphere and giving a shimmering scene to tear through the water. The Kearsarge went for a short time at three knots and then reduced her speed to fifteen knots and the bugles sounded to general quarters. The bugles and men

ready for battle. It was a lively scene as the men off duty tumbled out of their hammocks and dashed to their posts. In a trice, the guns of the battleships were trained on the enemy's vessels. The giant forward superposed turret of the Kearsarge swung around until its four powerful rifles, two thirties and two eights, were pointed straight for Pillsbury.

Admiral Hugginson and Capt. Hemphill were the bridge of the Kearsarge at the first alarm. Capt. Bryant, commanding the Alabama, whose waters had sent up a warning that the enemy was in sight just about the same time that the hostile vessels were seen from the flagship, took the bridge of his magnificent vessel, and Capt. Mannerheim followed suit on the Massachusetts. Glittering in the bright rays of the early morning rising sun, the three armored giants prepared for the victory they knew was theirs.

As the Kearsarge approached the flag ship, the defeated opponent, hurriedly fled, and the Alabama's guns rattled from her main battery. Each bright piece of rag steel for a moment, and all the numbers formed this interminable

live message." "Surrender, demand a unconditional." The answer came in a few minutes, other bright bits of bunting fluttered in the breeze from the Prairie signal mast. It was a brief two words but it meant that the White Squadron acknowledged its defeat and that the war game was over. "Surrender accepted," was all the signal said. Not a gun was fired by any vessel except that perfunctory shot at 5 o'clock as a tribute to the thick book called "the Regulations," which is a sort of naval substitute for the Koran.

absence of the roar of battle was the only thing disappointing in the closing features of the campaign. It may be that a regular Sunday had something to do with it, or that the Admiral did not want to expend powder uselessly. At any rate, the people at the summer resorts along the Cape Ann shore thanked their lucky stars and Admiral Higginson that they were allowed to sleep after the Saturday night dance. The Kearsarge and her consorts have been in the silvery sea and the battle flags that

The rules of the game provided that the White Squadron to win should "enter the harbor and remain there at least 12 hours, and it was essential to mine the channels and provide other protection, before the arrival of Admiral Higginson's three battleships, which composed the only division of the Blue Squadron capable theoretically of

An unfortunate circumstance, however, which makes it impracticable for the resourceful commander of the White to begin even the initial proceeding necessary to carrying out this purpose, that is to enter the harbor before the Blue Squadron arrived. A megaphone message went out from the Kearsarge to the Prairie, that Admiral Higginson would be pleased to see Commander Pillsbury aboard. In a few minutes a cutter put out from the Prairie, watched with interest by the decks of the Blue Squadron, and the decks of the White were strewed with the trophies of a victorious and the ships quivered with excitement. At 10 o'clock the leader of the White, after

stood on the Kearsarge's deck. Commander Pillsbury looked as well-groomed and elastic as a man who had not been in all night.

As he stepped aboard the Kearsarge

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